Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, August 10, 1916 Number 24

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 375
An Editorial Apology 377

CONTRIBUTED—
The Time to Speak Is Now!—SMITH BAKER. 380

SELECTED—
Preparedness in Congress.—From a speech by *Hon. Oscar Callaway* 379

THE STUDY TABLE—
Foundations of the Spiritual Life.—REV. A. L. WEATHERLY 382
Reviews.—REV. HARRY FOSTER BURNS 383

POETRY—
Good Thoughts for Evil Times.—*Stopford A. Brooke* 375
Boscobel.—*"Pratocanenis"* 382
A Song.—*Theodosia Garrison* 384

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of Christianity. XXI. Dante 385

THE FIELD—
Tower Hill Letter.—HAROLD H. WONG 386
The Fraternal Way.—*Joe Beatty Burtt* 386
Message of Fraternity.—W. COPELAND BOWIE 387
An Unworthy Ambition.—*S. C.* 387
Serious Humor in the Schoolroom 387

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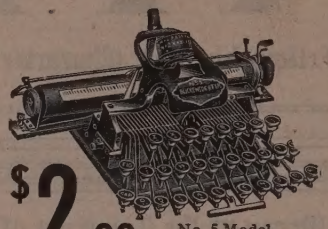

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1916. NUMBER 24

GOOD THOUGHTS FOR EVIL TIMES.

The morning walks upon the earth,
And man awakes to toil and mirth;
All living things and lands are gay—
Dear God, walk with me through the day.

Sweet is the breathing of the world;
Lies it not in thy love unfurled?
And blue and clear the immortal sky:
'Tis thine, and Thine its purity.

Now Noon sits throned, her golden urn
Pours forth the sunshine! Laugh and burn
Corn land and meadow, lake and sea!
Lord of my life, pour love on me.

Rain in the afternoon! Soft fall
The cooling drops; the woodland hall
Smells sweet, and every lonely place;—
Rain on me, Lord, thy freshening grace.

Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,
The labor of the world is still;
Homeward I go, and muse on Thee—
Father of Home, abide with me.

Now droops the dark, but worlds of light
Hidden by day, fulfil the night!
Infinite Stillness, silent sea
Of Truth and Power, flow over me.

—*Stopford A. Brooke.*

The Woman's Journal never lets an opportunity pass. It wonders whether there would have been occasion to "hush up" the bad food scandal on the Mexican border if women had been the commissaries.

Sisal Bulletin is the title of a semi-monthly, No. 1 of which is dated July 1, 1916. Ask the high school students in your family the significance of the title. What is sisal? Where is it found? What is it used for?

It is worthy of note that the Wisconsin Woman's Suffrage Association did not take part in the preparedness parade in Milwaukee July 15. The managers exercised a discrimination which many men associations organized for specific purposes and representing in their membership many varied and antagonistic opinions might well have imitated.

Miss Mary Bartelme, who well deserves the title of "Judge" on account of the fine work she is doing with and for the unfortunate girls of Chicago, says:

I am almost sorry that the public is learning about this work. We have been running these places as an experiment. The addresses are not made known. They are homes in the truest sense of the word to these weary girls. To place this sort of girl with a lot of hardened police court characters would be a grave mistake and would rob them of a chance to get along. All they need is a chance. In most cases they get along if only started right.

"Ethical and Religious Problems of the War" is the title of a new book being put forth by our English Unitarian friends, with the wise J. Estlin Carpenter as its editor. These fourteen discourses delivered by as many eminent men reveal the agony of the situation and the perplexities of the preacher in their very titles, among which we find: Aspects of Fatherhood; A Question that Should not be Asked; The Moral Equivalent of War; The Nations on their Trial. These are hard subjects to be discussed in the neighborhood of battlefields and within hearing of cannon.

G. Bernard Shaw, in the *New Statesman* discusses "Some Neglected Morals of the Irish Rising," in which he enumerates the following cautions:

1. Be very careful what political doctrine you preach. You may be taken at your word in the most unexpected directions.
2. Do not rashly assume that every building destroyed by an enemy is a palatial masterpiece of architecture.
3. Do not give way to an intemperate admiration of patriotism, or make an inconsiderate use of the word traitor.
4. To delay overdue legislation for the sake of a quiet life may make more trouble than it saves.
5. Do not forget the rising may be induced in England and Scotland at any moment by the same means.
6. If you wish men to be good citizens, you must teach them to be good citizens.

In the valuable monthly issued from the office of the Commissioner of Health in Chicago, there is a page giving cartoons displaying "Implements of Safety," among which we see graphically portrayed, "Revamp the Screens," "Trap the Fly," "Burn the Rubbish,' "Covered Garbage Can," then there is whitewash and paint cans, soap and brush, spade and rake, hoe and broom. None of them inspired and inspiring weapons and still all of them are texts in the gospel of health. By such simple methods is the sanitary life secured physically; so the salvation of the soul, the sanitation of the spirit, are to be secured by the use of instruments quite as simple only so the emphasis be placed on the use.

Dr. Ochsner of Chicago has been giving some startling facts about cancer. Seventy-nine thousand deaths occurred from cancer in the United States in 1914. He estimates that ten million of the people now living in the United States will be destroyed by this disease. The antidote to cancer is not yet discovered,

but many facts are known which if observed would serve as a partial protection from its ravages. The surfaces of the body exposed to injury and dirt are most subject to cancer. The lip irritated by the pipe is especially exposed. Pending the specific remedy that will surely be found, it becomes the intelligent person to be exceptionally frank with his physician. Take the doctor into your confidences and if he is worthy to be your physician, take his advice.

Dr. Ohls says there are one hundred thousand men, women and children blind in this country, one-fourth of whom need not have lost their sight. A little silver nitrate properly applied at birth might have saved the eyesight of a quarter of the blind children now in our institutions. Well does Dr. Robertson, Commissioner of Health of Chicago, say: "To use health knowledge already at hand is as necessary as to discover disease facts still concealed."

According to *Collier's* a New York City firm was found selling 100,000 head of poultry, the crop of each bird being reinforced by cement, gravel, oyster shells, etc., amounting to fifteen ounces of paving material to the bird. The poultry was sold for twenty cents a pound. This adulteration was more honest than much that is imposed upon an over-confiding public. This stuffing was found before it got into the stomach, which indicates a benignant forethought on the part of the dealers.

Christian Work in its issue of July 22 prints in full the address given by Dr. David Starr Jordan before the National Educational Association and the American School Peace League at their recent meeting in New York. His subject was, "Shall we Arbitrate with Mexico?" The address is a long one; it will scarcely reach many hurried readers of the daily papers, but it is a wise one and should be put into such form as to command the attention of deliberate readers. As a student of sociology everywhere, a close observer at short range of the Spanish-American, as well as the children of the farther East, the Japanese and the Chinese, Dr. Jordan knows whereof he speaks. His address hinges on three points, viz.:

1. Mexico has within herself the power of regeneration.
2. Not now or at any future time should there be an interference with Mexico by force of arms.
3. The United States in 1848 made a treaty of arbitration with Mexico, whereby we agreed to put any difficulties which might arise before an arbitral tribunal.

Here are some further sentences from this searching address:

I do not suppose that any tract on earth as large as the State of Tamaulipas, nearly as large as Virginia, has so much oil in it as that State (Oaxaca). There is no tract on earth from which so much money has been taken without any corresponding equivalent for it.

I see in Mexico the growth of a new democracy. It will be slow, it will be uncouth, it will have only a few leaders until education brings them on. It has some leaders, different from the men who simply exploit Mexico, who simply invest their money there and do not live there themselves. And I do not wish to be understood as criticizing, on the whole, the great body of Germans, and British and Americans who have gone to Mexico. Some of the finest mining engineers in all the world, thoroughly conscientious, admirable men are down there. I have yet to find the record of a single valuable property that was ever paid for by a foreigner, but I am open to conviction; there may be hundreds of them, but they have been very modest about making themselves known.

* * * * *

But behind it, the eagerness to go into Mexico, this has been printed, so I repeat it. The Mayor of El Paso said, "I shall be ruined, my city will be ruined, if that harmless old gentleman keeps on with his work. What we want, we are prepared for war and we don't want any peace." That is not true of the body of the people of El Paso; it is not true of the body of the people anywhere. But it is true that where the carcass is the vultures will gather together.

The Christian Commonwealth (London) of July 5 contains the first sermon delivered in the City Temple by our friend J. Fort Newton. He took for his subject, "An Ambassador," and for a text "Now we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; be ye reconciled to God." Pleading for religious fellowship and discussing the secret of unity, he said:

Wesley learned this in his later years; learned to "think and let think," as he wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln, and was wont to say, "If thy heart is as my heart, give me your hand." Those who have the mind of Christ find his church everywhere, in Westminster Abbey, but also in the City Temple; in the cathedral at Moscow, but equally in the chapel at Martineau; in St. Peter's at Rome, but not less so in the little white meeting-house in which Whittier and Woolman sat in silence awaiting the promptings of the Spirit. They are at home wherever men lift hearts in prayer, knowing that, however faiths may differ, faith is one in its vision and victory, even as the human heart is one in its loneliness and longing.

Men and brethren, the time for toleration is past! Think of tolerating the Methodists, with their gospel of free grace and their pentecostal fire, or Channing, with his deep heart of piety! Think of tolerating Emerson, whose mind was as a city of God set upon a hill! How could one tolerate Mozoomdar or Tagore? No, what we want is not mere toleration, but insight, understanding, appreciation, fellowship, cooperation! Must we all think alike about Jesus in order to love and follow him together? No, surely no. It was not so in the early church. Even in the apostolic band there were differences of training, of temperament, of insight and outlook, as there will be in any company of his followers today. Our heads are as different on the inside as on the outside, but there is room in his large and luminous fellowship for all the seekers and finders of God. Not unity of thought about him, but unity of devotion to him—yea, unity of spirit in him—should be our ideal and aspiration.

No, the last and greatest war of all the fighting centuries is here, the war against war. *Pro patria mori?* No, not by bullets, but if you insist upon heroics, comfort yourself with the truth that it is far harder to live for something than to die for it. Many a conscientious English "slacker" who has fled from the scorn of his neighbors and taken refuge under the shrapnel shower knows that. Have you the nerve to stand alone against the mob, to look sentimental savagery in the face and say no? Come on then. You who have the courage and the vision to be the cowards and fools of God—fall in!

In the Survey. *Ralph Clark.*

An Editorial Apology

We have no apology to offer for committing UNITY so persistently, aggressively, and to some of our readers doubtless distressingly, to the cause of peace which we are disposed to interpret as everlastingly opposed to the cause of war. We are not anti-German nor yet anti-Allies because we are forever and uncompromisingly anti-bellum. We are not pro-German or pro-Briton because we are pro-human. And so we lend ourselves unfalteringly and uncompromisingly to this propaganda that is pro-human for *all* nations; we are anti-bellum, that is, against *all* wars. We believe in this age and the civilization that belongs to it, all wars to be unjustifiable. We would that nations as individuals would follow the Christ up Calvary. We would have regretted if St. John after the Crucifixion had gone back to Gethsemane and hunted up Peter's sword and said, "Under the circumstances it was a mistake to have thrown it away."

But we do owe an apology to our constant friends and generous contributors for what may seem to them editorial unfairness and a violation of our boasted principle of a free press when we refuse our columns to an unlimited discussion of the "other side of this question." We frankly admit that a very few friends have asked their papers stopped on account of its anti-militaristic attitude. A still fewer number have continued their subscriptions with a regret and still fewer have offered for print the pro-bellum argument and have suggested that "just for this once," "under present circumstances," etc., etc., "we are for armaments and the adequate practice in the use of the same and when necessary their efficient use on human bodies."

Our double excuse for eliminating these arguments from our columns is found in the double fact:

1. UNITY is so small; the discussion is so large. We cannot dip up the ocean in our pint cup, so we abandon the attempt and use our little goblet to carry drinking water from the little spring on the hillside that feeds the brook that seeks the sea.

2. Our second reason for excluding these friends is found in the fact that all the print-world is open to them. There is not a great metropolitan daily or triumphant magazine in the land whose columns are not loaded with the plea for preparedness and with pro-bellum arguments. The press, from the great metropolitan dailies down to the religious weeklies and the great monthlies, teems with the arguments for force in international politics and for the increase of armaments and the adequate handling of the same, while the much ridiculed pacifist is dismissed with a sneer and excluded with scant courtesy, as one "sissy" at least knows.

It has been urged upon our attention that the unanimity of the press is of itself an argument for the sanity of war and the refutation of those who, in the face of the overwhelming testimony of the multitudes, still persist in believing in and working for the forces that make for internationalism which is forever offered to all wars.

Truth was never yet told by numbers. In the elder Egypt a prophet's vote counted a hundred, and if the "dailies" go one way, the poets, which word in its fullest meaning is interchangeable with prophets, go the other, the way of peace.

In Braithewaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915," out of 184 pages, 40 pages are given to war poems; out of 101 titles, 20 are given to the discussion of peace; and these singers of the present day with scarcely an exception sing the songs of internationalism; they sound the death knell of war. They lift the curtain on battle scenes if at all, only to condemn, never to applaud. The lyre of the poet has refused to sing the songs of hatred, but it gives forth freely the notes that belong to the universal anthem. The books of current poetry bear out the promise of this Anthology. The recent books at hand show what a tremendous advocate the cause of international peace and war hatred has in the current drama. We have recently read Kennedy's "The Terrible Meek," the story of the Crucifixion rendered in modern terms. The Captain in comforting the mother says:

> In the city I come from, it (empire) is the chief concern of the people. Building kingdoms, rule, empire. They're proud of it. The little children in the schools are drilled in obedience to it; they are taught hymns in praise of it; they are brought up to reverence its symbols. When they wave its standard above them, they shout, they leap, they make wild and joyful noises; like animals, like wolves, like little brute beasts. Children! Young children! Their parents encourage them in it; it never occurs to them to feel ashamed; they would be treated like lepers if they felt ashamed. That's what empire does to human beings in the city I come from. It springs from fear—a peculiar kind of fear they call courage.

Notwithstanding all this, this man of war comforts the stricken mother by saying:

> I tell you, woman, this dead son of yours, disfigured, ashamed, spat upon, has built a kingdom this day that can never die. The living glory of him rules it. The earth is *his* and he made it. He and his brothers have been moulding and making it through the long ages; they are the only ones who ever really did possess it; not the proud; not the idle; not the wealthy; not the vaunting empires of the world. Something has happened up here on this hill today to shake all our kingdoms of blood and fear to the dust. The earth is his, the earth is theirs, and they made it. The meek, the terrible meek, the fierce agonizing meek, are about to enter into their inheritance.

The next time the private soldier summoned the Captain to further executions by command of the General, there was sent back the curt response:

> Tell him I refuse to come. I disobey.
>
> *Soldier.* Look, sir, wot did I tell yer? It's comin' light again.
>
> *Captain.* Eternally.

Zangwill's "The War God" is a five-act tragedy of

tremendous power. It is one more powerful exposure of the wickedness of war, showing that the killing of man is allied to devil diplomacy. War, all wars, bring about a blindness of intellect more gruesome than the hardening of the heart. Like all of Zangwill's writings this is a work of art indirectly; it is a study of ethics directly. Here conscience comes slowly into its supremacy.

"The Mob," a play in four acts, by John Galsworthy, is a little easier reading than Zangwill's, but it rings the bells of spiritual victory. It shows what Ibsen meant when he said:

> When is a man strong, until he stands alone.

Here is a hero who believes:

> There's no reason in the world, Mendip, why the rules of chivalry should not apply to nations at least as well as to—dogs.

And who could say when the final dire trial came:

> My country is not yours. Mine is that great country which shall never take toll from the weakness of others. Ah! you can break my head and my windows; but don't think that you can break my faith. You could never break or shake it; if you were a million to one.

This pacific hero went down before the mob, but years afterward the stately granite monument bore the words:

> Erected to the memory of Stephen More, "faithful to his ideal."

In "The Sorrows of Belgium," Leonid Andreyev, the new Russian dramatist, protests against the wrongs committed against smaller nations. Herman Bernstein, the translator, says in his introduction:

> It is necessary for all to understand that the end of Jewish sufferings is the beginning of our self-respect, without which Russia cannot live. The dark days of the war will pass and the "German barbarians" of today will once more become cultured Germans whose voice will again be heard throughout the world. And it is essential that neither their voice nor any other voice should call us loudly "Russian barbarians."
>
> Aside from its literary and dramatic value, if this volume on the sorrows of Belgium will tend to arouse a little more sympathy for the sufferings of the victims of the war, or if it will help to call forth in the minds of the people a stronger abhorrence of the horrors of war, it will have served an important and worthy purpose.

In the Belgium crisis, the Count, who may well stand for the King, halts before taking the drastic step of cutting the dam until he takes counsel of the poet of the realm. Haggard, after a sleepless night, he comes into the presence of the ultimate dictator, the unconscious chancellor, the interpreter of destiny, the poet, and says:

> Yesterday it was resolved at our council to break the dams and flood part of our kingdom; but I could not, I dared not, give my full consent before I knew what you had to say to this plan. I did not sleep all night long thinking—oh, how terrible, how inexpressibly sad my thoughts were! We are the body, we are the hands, we are the head—while you, Grelieu, you are the conscience of our people. Blinded by the war, we may unwillingly, unwittingly, altogether against our will, violate man-made laws. My friend! We are driven to despair, we have no Belgium any longer; it is trampled by our enemies; but in your breast, Emil Grelieu, the heart of all Belgium is beating—and your answer will be the answer of our tormented, blood-stained, unfortunate land!

Thus the poets strike the high notes while the editors, and the preachers, congresses and churches, stand Janus-like facing both ways between hate and love, between force and reason, between war and peace.

There are more poets on the editorial table. And here are men of vision backing the poets in prose; Nasmyth's "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory," showing how the "Darwinians" have misunderstood and misinterpreted Darwin, and John Haynes Holmes' book putting virility into the blood and writing valor and nobility on the brow of the non-resistant who resists evil not with the evil but with good. And for a last mention at this time, Frederic Howe's encyclopedic book on "Why War?" crowded with facts and figures that seem unanswerable, showing so clearly that neither Germany nor yet England is responsible for this war, but the war lords of all the countries, kings everywhere, aristocrats the world over. Step by step he leads to the conclusion that democracy is the road to peace. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter in Howe's book:

> If twentieth-century wars are economic in their origin, if they are the outcome of the revolution that has taken place in finance, industry, and trade, they can only be ended by the elimination of the causes which make for war. That is the method of modern science. For so long as the cause remains the inevitable effects will follow. And war will remain the agency of privilege and the inevitable outcome of its ambitions until the powers and profits of privilege are taken away.

This is why we have assumed the editorial responsibility of devoting the pages of UNITY so far as space and strength permit, to the unequivocal cause of internationalism, disarmament and universal brotherhood. In taking this position we know that we are accepting a place in a very short list. In Mrs. Quackenbush's Peace Bibliography, her list of current periodicals devoted to this cause was a distressingly short one. Aside from the technical organs of peace societies there remain among the weeklies that are giving forth no uncertain sound on this question, the *Christian Work*, edited by the Rev. Frederick Lynch; *The Friends' Intelligencer*, the organ of the Quakers; the *Public*, the able organ of the Single-tax movement; the *Independent*, when Henry Holt writes; UNITY and what others? Reader, help us to extend the list.

"If thou wert lying cold and still and white
In Death's embraces, O mine enemy!
I think that, if I came and looked on thee,
I should forgive; that something in the sight
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right
Of Death's sad impotence, and I should see
How pitiful a thing it is to be
At feud with aught that's mortal.
So tonight,
My soul, unfurling her white flag of peace,
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet—
The dead face and the living—fain would cry
Across the years: 'Oh, let our warfare cease!
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet:
Let there be peace between us ere we die!'"

—*Exchange.*

PREPAREDNESS IN CONGRESS

FROM A SPEECH BY

HON. OSCAR CALLAWAY

In the House of Representatives

May 29, 1916

If we could rid this preparedness question of promotions, profits, and politics it would not be difficult to reach a sane and sound conclusion as to what we ought to have, nor as to what the danger of invasion is. I know better than to argue with the man who has a personal interest or the man who takes orders.

I do not expect to give peace of mind to either, nor convince those who have a different idea of the relation of the masses to the Government, nor to convince those who want a military establishment to change the traditional policies and purposes of this Republic. Many do not agree with my confidence in the willingness and readiness of the masses to defend their country in time of danger. They look at the military establishment as our sole defense should the unforeseen happen. I look to the American citizen in such case who has always been our defense and will necessarily always constitute our Army in times of war. They think a regular soldier, paid to fight, can alone be depended on. We are not going to maintain a sufficient number in times of peace to constitute the needed force in times of war; besides, I had rather depend upon a citizen defending his country and his home in time of supreme test than paid soldiers fighting for pay or fear.

If the Government were an entity which called the citizens when it felt the need instead of the machinery of the citizens through which they call themselves when they think there is need, the entity might call them many times to defend its imaginary ills and have no response. When the masses no longer regard this Government as their institution serving their interests and refuse to defend it, the Government will not be worth defending. When it has to maintain a military force subject to its call, which can be ordered to do its bidding irrespective of what the masses think of the cause, it will have ceased to be a truly representative Republic.

* * *

I deny the right of profit seekers to disguise their real purpose and march under the banner of patriotism. If each of their leaders will disclose his exact connection with the concerns expecting profit, a great light will fall on their patriotism. If they will state definitely what they want as preparedness, what they want it for, and how they want and ultimately expect to obtain it, they will be entitled to more confidence.

We do not want a military establishment for conquest nor aggrandizement. We do not want to grind the faces of the masses to build up an army and navy to protect one class against another. We should not build up an army and navy at the expense of the whole people for the benefit of a preferred few.

* * *

I cannot agree with those who desire a military establishment to "protect and further some imaginary destiny of this Republic not to be seen with the physical eye; some intangible and visionary thing written in the lines of poets." When we vote money for an army and navy, when we vote to put citizens on the battle line, when we call on women to surrender their husbands, sons, and brothers, it should not be for some intangible, visionary destiny that you cannot see; it should be real, practical, substantial danger. When we vote to send the taxgatherer to every home to support a military establishment on land and sea, it should not be to carry out some visionary destiny of America which lies written in the lines of poets; it should be for some real purpose that is tangible.

* * *

I will tell you the danger. It is not from any foreign power. It is that powder stocks, ordnance stocks, steel stocks, shipbuilding stocks, General Electric stocks, and International Nickel stocks will slump at the close of this war unless a new market is developed for their products. The stockholders, knowing full well the value of advertising, are working up a new customer. When the market abroad ceases they hope to have one developed here that will buy "all they can construct."

Admiral Knight said:

The dangers of transporting a fleet across a great expanse of water and maintaining it are almost insuperable. (Hearings, p. 2084.)

Admiral Fletcher said:

It has been recently forcibly demonstrated that ship attack on forts are futile. This war has conclusively demonstrated what every military strategist knew before—that it is impossible for sea craft to successfully attack land fortifications.

Gen. Miles said:

The results at Alexandria, Port Arthur, and at the Dardanelles furnish sufficient evidence that guns on board ship are no match for coast fortifications and submarine guns.

Germany would have 4,000 miles of ocean to cross, a navy, in weight of shells greater than her own, to put out of the way, the perils of the deep, which Admiral Knight says are almost insuperable, to brave, and then the forts to pass, which Admiral Fletcher and Gen. Miles say this war has demonstrated can not be done, before they could invade this country.

But that is not all. If a foreign country, bankrupt and on crutches, should leave homes that have crepe on every door, horrified by the grim spectre of war, brave the perils of the deep, and with an enemy at her back, sweep our fleet from the ocean, and pass our fort guns and mines, have they any chance still to imperil this country? We can live indefinitely and build almost without limit whatever we need for defense or offense without having access to the seas. When some country has braved the perils of the deep, annihilated or bottled up our Navy, and passed our land fortifications, they have still, said Gen. Miles—

to meet the physical strength of this Nation—10,000,000 men capable of doing effective military service, 1,000,000 who have received military instructions under Regular Army officers, and 136,000 graduates from our agricultural colleges to offer them.

Gen. Miles has a right to know what the American citizen is when called to arms. He had service with the volunteers fighting by his side against volunteers during the Civil War. They were Americans meeting Americans. He went through four years of it. He is able to speak with authority on the citizen soldiers of the United States.

* * *

Who is the real leader of this grand galaxy of self-styled patriots? Hudson Maxim. He wrote De-

fenseless America. He got up the picture show, The Battle Cry of Peace. He put it on in every town in the country, showing foreign soldiers in your bedchambers. Let us look at him. He says in his book he is a patriot. He is the crown prince of this band of preparedness patriots. I want to read a few extracts from his book. You all got one—

This country must first be whipped in order to prepare sufficiently to prevent being whipped. Therefore, our business at the present time is to pick our conqueror. I choose England. She would be satisfied with a good big indemnity which we could well afford to pay for the benefit that we should gain from the war.

He was born in Maine, married an English woman, invented smokeless powder, sold his patents to the Du Pont Powder Co., became stockholder and chief mechanical engineer in the Du Pont Powder Co. He has a brother in England, Sir Hiram Maxim, who is an inventor of ordnance and a partner in the Vickers Limited Ordnance Co., of England. He is the inventor of the Maxim rapid-fire gun, and was knighted because of his inventions. Of course, Hudson Maxim wants England to be the one to whip us. Sir Hiram would want us to be the one to whip England. Hudson and Hiram would furnish the ordnance at both ends of the line.

* * *

Our Navy, coast defenses, and Army, equipped as they are, backed by the citizens of the land, are amply adequate to defend this country against any and every assault.

No great nation wants to attack us. They want our friendship. It is necessary to them.

We are divided by great oceans, which the development of torpedoes and submarines makes it impossible to transport great bodies of troops across.

It is necessary before this country can be conquered that great bodies of troops be conveyed across broad oceans.

If you want a Navy or Army to force our trade around the world, or for aggrandizement and conquest, you may elevate your sights—a billion and a half for the Navy and a billion for the Army will not give it to you; and a billion per year will not maintain it.

If you want a military establishment to obtain or defend "something intangible and visionary, some vision of the mind never seen by the physical eye," I cannot tell, you cannot tell, and no mortal man can tell, where we are going nor what will be necessary.

I cannot follow the army and naval officers who state that they do not consider the amount of money it costs, nor where it is to come from, and that their plan leads in the end to bankruptcy or war.

When a man does a noble act, date him from that, forget his faults, let his noble act be the standpoint from which you regard him. There is much that is good in the worst of men.—*Dr. Bellows.*

Enthusiastic people make blunders, but faint-hearted people never do anything. The mightiest force in this world is a fire in a human soul.—*Selected.*

The Time to Speak is Now!

True friends of man, especially of the men that belong to our own country, have more and more frequently occasion to grow faint hearted, as they are made to feel in never lessening measure the seeming uselessness of attempting to stay or direct to better purpose the aggressive tide of militarism that is now sweeping over us. With the sound of fife and drum in the land, with the measured tread of thousands, with the huzzahs of eager surging crowds, all urging on to unquestioning belief in the need, the sacredness and the usefulness of the present call to arms, what place, what power, what welcome even, has the voice or pen of the scouted peacemaker, what can he legitimately expect from the throbbings of his protesting heart, from the cries of his outraged intelligence and reason and conscience! With the sentiment and the voice of the excited "patriotic" masses against him, how small indeed his single opposition seems to weigh, how futile for ultimate good his most intelligent, most idealistic, most devoted effort must probably be! Truly his heart as well as his judgment seems to be considered only as arrayed against his brother instead of for him, as he lifts his voice and hand for what he feels and knows to be something better than war. To his wide open eye the social and domestic and even the church atmosphere has suddenly become threatening with destructive storms, and, as he resolutely essays his uncalled for and widely called "foolish task," even the Supreme Intelligence appears at times to have become stupid, the God of love but a mocker, and the moral order worse than confusion and lies. No wonder the voice of reason and common sense grows husky, the uplifted hand nerveless, or the soul beclouded and chilled, in the face of the on-rushing mass of misinstructed, wrongly-inspired and misdirected fellow-beings, who act either as if they were in abject obedience to the dominating impulse to pugnacity and greedy conquest, or if not this, then very helplessly to the constraints of society and neighbors and friends that are equally unreasoning and dominant.

And so it ever has been, as history shows. One morning at the beginning of the war with Spain, a veteran of the Civil War who had suffered extremely all the subsequent years from the result of wounds and imprisonment and sickness, awoke to find the young men of his neighborhood rushing off to "enlist for the relief of Cuba." Promptly he raised his voice and hand in protest, and spent much time in trying to reason them out of their ill-considered, impulsive intention. But to what end? Mostly to be utterly disregarded, and quite as fully discredited as a patriotic citizen! He found what is universally true, that at such times no intelligence, no reasoning, no sort of prayer, are sufficient to stay the movement of the young mind towards what is so aptly styled, for his notice and appreciation, "the call to duty for our country." Any attempt to stay or direct this movement, even by one who knows never so well its real significance, is but to put oneself in danger of being discredited and abused and stigmatized as was our veteran, if not worse.

How instructive also are the lessons that we might have learned in the sixties, but are now seeing more

clearly, as we recall the opprobrious epithets, "copperhead," "rebel," "disunionist," "sympathizer," "disloyal," "traitor," and the like, which were then so glibly and often so viciously attached to our nearest and best neighbors and friends; and how surely we soon got to looking down upon them from our self-righteous exaltation, and to regarding them as scarcely fit to travel the same country roads with us who were so holily "loyal." At the time there was, of course, no doubt concerning the justification being ample for such a course, because there were actual issues and stakes and dangers that required everyone to show his colors on the right side, if possible. And so it was during the Spanish War, where there were no real issues and dangers to prompt any such course at all. Who does not remember the storm that broke incontinently on the head of the intelligent, the refined, the devotedly patriotic yet righteously critical, Charles Eliot Norton, when he ventured to express his opinion that the country had "been impelled against the will of her wisest and best to enter into a path of darkness and peril." Even so astute a statesman as Senator George F. Hoar felt called upon to attack Professor Norton for this, and to add, "All lovers of Harvard, and all lovers of the country, have felt that . . . your influence (has been) bad for the youth of the country," and thus to help effectually to pillory this broad-minded and true patriot as but a "traitor" to his country! Charles Eliot Norton, the true patriot, nevertheless, believed and had conscientiously said, "More than ever it is the duty of the good citizen not to be silent, and spite of obloquy, misrepresentation and abuse, to insist on being heard, and with sober counsel to maintain the everlasting validity of the principles of the moral law." But George F. Hoar, the pseudo patriot, believed it is his duty to help plunge his nation into a senseless war, mostly because his own party had so bungled and blundered that such a course seemed the only one capable of saving its credit with the people in the next campaign! Such was this "patriot's" "patriotism," which has been plainly written and indelibly on one of the most disappointing but instructive pages of history!

This episode serves admirably to direct attention to an important fact, one that no citizen should be ignorant of, no citizen forget. Whatever one's conception of freedom of speech may be before war is declared, whatever his freedom of practice, it follows as surely as night the day that, after war is once declared, all such freedom ceases automatically, and in its place there comes the censorship that is galling and the condemnation that is degrading. Moreover, if the war progresses, and the tension and excitement and the perhaps real or imagined danger become correspondingly greater, then also does it soon get to be worth all that one's honor certainly, and one's life possibly, can mean, even to be known as of the "opposition," and this no matter how senseless, or irrational, or how unjust, the foundation for the declaration of war may have been. At this juncture the nation promptly becomes everything, the citizen little or nothing beyond the national enterprise. If the latter essays to write and say things openly, and especially forcibly, he is soon regarded by the military as "seditious," and seldom escapes civil opprobrium as well. If his expression or his acts can be construed as "adhering to" the enemy or as "giving aid and comfort," then he becomes a "traitor" to his country, and liable to all the penalties that the various courts and authorities may see fit to impose. Moreover, he certainly becomes subject to an odium which then attaches to all such independent thinking and acting, so fixedly that it is never removable within the lifetime of himself or of his descendants for a number of generations. Do we not, even after fifty years, still feel rather contemptuously the stigmas that thus clung to certain anti-war men of the sixties?

The simple fact is one which should be clearly conceived and long remembered, that every one of the high and useful qualities that appertain to the freedom that our fathers paid so dearly for, becomes in time of war virtually circumscribed and overpowered by the dominance of what is called "military necessity." It has then to be exclusively assumed that military and civil authority is always right as well as mighty, and consequently needs brook little or no question or criticism, if this be at all of a pungent and telling order. Rational criticism, high-minded opposition, humane feeling, universal prayer, may all become sources of trouble from which the ordinary citizen may very naturally shrink and feel it expedient silently to tolerate. In the end, freedom becomes strangled unto death by the encoiling arrogance and cruelty of the impulse to war!

It appears, then, that the only safe as well as effective time to exercise freedom of speech in opposition to war, is while the storm is brewing and there is something like freedom still abroad in the land. This is the time when those who feel with Franklin that "There never was a good war," who feel that wholesale murder is never more justifiable than single murder, who would stand between the generous and reckless enthusiasm of young life and the rapacious maw of the War Demon, who would direct the energy of public sentiment into channels that lead to upbuilding rather than to destruction, who would, in fact, prove themselves true patriots—this is the time when their convictions not only can be safely expressed and forcibly without getting to them the danger and odium that inevitably adheres as soon as actual war is at hand, but can really do the most good, as well.

And as for these United States that time is *now!* Everywhere is the spirit of war operative, everywhere are the activities of war times surely to become more aggressive. Consequently, the opportune moment when from every quarter there may safely come and there ought to come words and deeds expressive of the higher patriotism, and with a force that the might of even an enthusiastic military propaganda cannot long withstand, will soon be past. Rapidly are we being suborned and led and forced into acquiescence with military ideas and practices. Before this is fully accomplished, then, and not after, is the time to array every force against this that is intelligent and rational and truly patriotic. Already the War-god stalks the land in unabashed arrogance and with determined mood and deed. He should be met at every turn by equally forceful expressions of reasonable and intelligent opposition, and this while he may be thus met, and not after his plans have all been laid, his supplies all granted, and his accoutrements all burnished. If a tenth part of the energy and money that

will have to be dissipated on every hand once war is declared, were now to be spent in a propagation of the better sentiment and the incitement of the better impulse, we would have no war in our day and generation, at least, and the stability of our purposes and institutions would be assured forever, most probably. Let it be repeated: Now is the only time effectually to talk against war, vote against it, and to act against it, with anything like a prospect of success. That this golden opportunity to arouse the higher patriotism, to save the nation from the cruelty and degradation of war, to assure our liberties and our enterprises to our children, is at hand, should be clearly conceived and long remembered by all. In this connection it should not be forgotten,

Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs of gold,

as Lowell says, and that

God hates your sneaking' creturs, that believe
He'll settle things they run away an' leave!

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

BOSCOBEL.*

By "Pratocanensis."

Not far away there is a town
Of which I hear the neighbors tell;
It has no title to renown
Except the name of Boscobel.

A dulcet sound that might belong
To some Prevencal villanelle,
I'll tune my viol and make a song
About the town of Boscobel.

It sleeps below the wooded hills,
Deep in the hollow of a dell,
And philomels and whippoorwills
Chant night and day to Boscobel.

In stately homes on shaded lawns,
Calmly the gentle townsfolk dwell;
And gorgeous sunsets, magic dawns,
Alone mark time in Boscobel.

Its streets are arched by ancient elms,
The haunts of Fairy Ariel,
You could not find in twenty realms
A spot so fair as Boscobel.

Its old gray church has Spanish chimes;
Their clear-toned accents rise and swell
On Sabbath winds in clanging rimes
Along the streets of Boscobel.

You'll hardly find a parallel
By Danube, Rhine, or Blue Moselle,
Much less a hamlet to excel
The little town of Boscobel.

I've never seen fair Boscobel:
And, what is more, I never will;
For I should fear to break the spell
Of that sweet name of Boscobel.

O musical as a silver bell!
O naught but name to me, farewell!
Sleep in thy dell of asphodel,
Unvisited, fair Boscobel!

—*From The Literary Digest.*

* Our attention has been called to a poem in a recent issue of *The Campion*, a magazine published by Campion College, Wisconsin. Its author, who uses the pseudonym "Pratocanensis," shows admirable mastery of rhyme and rhythm; "Boscobel" is as melodious and imaginative a composition as we have seen for a long time. It deserves more readers than a college paper can give it.

Foundations of the Spiritual Life

"The Gift of Mind to Spirit" by John Kulamer. Sherman, French & Co.

"The Natural Order of Spirit" by Lucien C. Graves. Sherman, French & Co.

"Revelation and the Life to Come," by the author of "The Way: The Nature and Means of Revelation." G. P. Putnam's Sons.

These three books deal with the problem of personal Immortality. But the authors would hardly admit that there is any such problem, for with them the question is finally settled. The approach to the problem is essentially scientific. The authors of "The Natural Order of Spirit" and "Revelation and the Life to Come" offer as conclusive evidence that the person survives death communications from the spirit world. These facts are presented as indubitable proof. Mr. Graves, by a survey of more recent scientific thought, emphasizes his trust in psychic experience. The adaptation of life to conditions under which we once supposed that it could not exist, as revealed in "Deep Sea Studies," the general recognition by scientists of the existence of "ether," and the wonderful qualities possessed by radium, are contributory to the thought of a "spirit world."

To the author of "Revelation" there are two forms of testimony: First, that of witnesses, to whom Jesus appeared after his death; second, communications at the present time with persons in the "spirit world." On the other hand, Mr. Kulamer takes a broad survey of the field of modern science and comes to the conclusion that there is not only no proof of the persistence of personal life after death, but that belief in it is one of the greatest stumbling blocks in human progress. But this is not a denial of immortality, but preparation for what he believes to be a higher view. The Life-force has attained the spirit form. Nothing that exists can be annihilated. But it does change form. The spirit of man merges into the larger life of God. It is the participation in the activities of the universe for all eternity. "Taking this view of the human soul, the symbolism of the resurrection assumes a new and more exalted meaning. It represents our conscious union with the life as we see it in the lily, as we hear it in the song of the birds; it represents a union with the spheres of the heavens and a penetration of the spaces of infinity. . . . . The glory of the sun becomes our glory, the beauty and the sweet odors become our beauty and our odors. It means the doing of the word of God, the passage through the gates of heaven now."

In view of the reverent attitude of mind and devout earnestness of purpose to seek and find the truth, revealed in the pages of Mr. Kulamer's book, no one can, in fairness, question the sincerity of his religion. The conclusions in regard to personal immortality are, however, not the whole of "The Gift of Mind to Spirit." The book is the author's view of the meaning of life. Some books are of value primarily because of their contribution to the sum of human knowledge. This book is of value because it is the revelation of the mind of a man who has thought long and seriously upon the problem of life. Born a Catholic, trained for the priesthood, rejecting the ancient faith and finding no hope in materialism, he finally, through the study of science, enters upon a spiritual interpretation of the Universe. It has the unfailing interest

of a biography of a soul. This interest is superior to all others in the book. It makes it worth while entirely aside from all other considerations. The reader may not accept the conclusions of the writer, but he is interested in the working of the author's mind.

In "The Natural Order of Spirit" there is the same immediate personal quality. The author, a student of psychic problems, is led by the death of his son to attempt to communicate with the "spirit world." The interviews which he has had with his son and others form a large portion of the book. These are introduced by a general discussion of the evidence of spirit return. He is so convinced of the reliability of the testimony that he is inclined to doubt the fairness of anyone who does not accept his conclusions. "To utterly ignore or deny spirit presence or agency dangerously approximates a denial of religious origins and of spirit survival." It should not be forgotten that many, like Browning, have the most profound faith in personal immortality and yet have no interest in communications through mediums from the "spirit world." The lover of dogs may be interested in the assurance that his canine friend has preceded him to the land of spirits. But his pleasure is lessened by the fact that this also implies the presence there of rattlesnakes and mosquitoes. The report through a medium that Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers made an excursion from the spirit land of Earth to the spirit land of Mars is indeed interesting, but to many this makes no contribution to their faith in immortality. But Mr. Graves' serious earnestness compels the respect of the reader. And yet one must question the scholarship and scientific judgment of one who accepts as historical incidents three angels who "appeared" to Abraham and the "appearance of a man's hand in the writing of judgment upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace" and "the preservation of the four men in the fiery furnace, the form of one of them like unto a son of God."

The editor of "Revelation and the Life to Come," which consists of a series of "communications from the "spirit world" extending over a long period, introduces these with studies of "The Phenomena of the Resurrection" and "Manifestations of the Comforter." In these the distinction is made between the appearances of Jesus before and after the ascension. The appearances recorded in the gospels are not spiritual manifestations. These did not occur until after the ascension. The appearances of Jesus to his disciples and others were psychic and due to the power possessed by Jesus to "render his person visible and palpable, or invisible and impalpable, at will." Such a capacity of belief hardly leads one to expect any consideration, by the author, of the questions raised by modern scholarship in reference to the conflicting stories incident to the period between the death of Jesus and the ascension. And there is none. In the "Revelations" the portions which naturally excite the greatest interest are the communications from St. Augustine, St. Thomas, the apostle, and St. Stephen.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a question of unfailing interest. The investigations of the English and American Societies for Psychical Research have awakened a widespread interest in the study of psychic phenomena. The sympathetic interest of many men of great scientific achievements in work of these societies has made the investigation of psychic phenomena respectable. But this fact does not make all investigators of these subjects men of science or even qualify them to pass judgment on the more recent scientific theories, especially in regard to matters where there is no common agreement as yet among scientists. These men all too often speak with assurance where scientists speak with reserve and great caution. Their science is all too often pseudo science. Scientific foundations of faith may be destroyed over night. The faith of great souls rest primarily in an inner experience. This is not a failure to recognize the value of science. It is the servant but not the master of faith. Love, duty, service, co-operation with the Eternal in the creative process of life remain no matter what may be the decision of the scientists about the reports of the Societies for Psychical Research. To do right because it is right, without hope of reward or fear of punishment, is the noblest ethical attitude. A certain carelessness in regard to the future, "taking no thought of the morrow," begets the finest types of spiritual life. The Psalmist sang, "Though he slay yet will I trust Him." Whether we lie down to sleep never to wake or whether we sleep to wake it is well, for He can do no ill. The religious life can rise higher than all rewards. It can forego all promises. This explains why some of the most devout of men are not interested in "proofs" of the survival after death of the soul. They live today as though tomorrow was not. Each day is the supreme day. They do not deny immortality. But for them no interest in the future can challenge the duty of the present. Living in God they trust him even unto the uttermost. A. L. W.

Book Review

The Stewardship of Faith,* "Our Heritage from Early Christianity," by Kirsopp Lake, Professor of Early Christian Literature in Harvard University, being the Lowell lectures for 1913-14, is, as one should expect, a book of serious thought. Here are two sentences from the preface which give the point of view of the author: "I feel the most important fact which emerges from the study of Early Christianity as I have tried to present it, is that the church owes its position to the endeavor of past generations to hold up to mankind a standard of life in religion, morality and politics higher than that reached by the world in general." So far as she has a position of power and influence today it is surely due to this fact, and so far as her influence has suffered it has been due to failure to be true to this function. But here is the second sentence: "But all these things (the dogmas, liturgy, the structure of ethics) were the expression, not the essence of the faith which overcame the world; and the churches will fail in their stewardship if they confuse the expression with the reality, and forget that it is their office to protest against the world as it is, in the interest of the world as it might be."

"To protest against the world as it was in the interest of the world that might be" is just what Professor

*G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1915. $1.50 net.

Lake finds that the early church did all the while. It is a vitalizing interpretation of the literature of the early church, biblical and extra-biblical, which we are given in these pages; while the application of their truths to the work of the church today is always in the background of the author's mind. I have read this book of 235 pages once and again, for surely here is the way that the men in the pulpit must view this body of literature if it is to have significance for our day. How great the need that we should see that the church is in truth Steward of the Faith only when challenging the world to come up to what might be.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS,* with the sub-title, "A Business Man's Interpretation of Social Responsibility," is a small book of 160 pages, which from the opening sentence gives one a sense of real worth. In large measure it is a compilation of quotations from the greatest workers and thinkers in the field of social amelioration; but the selecting has been carefully done, and the arrangement on the cord of the author's own thought, makes very interesting and informing reading, and wherever read will contribute largely to the purpose of its writer: "To stimulate thought and create action." It will do this through its clear and comprehensive view of the social problem, and through the fine spirit of fairness shown by the author who seeks the co-operation of all forces in ushering in that day when all men—wage-earners, manufacturerers, as well as the consumers of the product of labor—shall think of their work, their profits, their purchases, in the light of the contribution, or the charge they make upon social well-being. Here's an enlightening word for the preacher: "Unless religion follows the lead of its votaries who see social light through doctrines of darkness, the preachment of the Resurrection from pulpits is the bitterest kind of mockery. Immortality after existence is the hope religion holds out to those who lead a righteous life. When it permits without protest the death of penury, it gives the lie to the divine promise." It's a good book to have near at hand.

H. F. B.

A SONG.

I have mothered all the flowers in my garden,
Every one,
Myself, myself alone has been their warden,
With the old gardener Sun;
And ever, when the long sweet day is done,
I make my way among them up and down,
Feeling their tender petals brush against me
As little hands caress a mother's,
And every lily is a white-cowled daughter—
A son is every rose.
My tiny mignonette, oh, who hath taught her
That sweetness that she knows?
And evermore my love among them grows
Like some tall tree that shades from too much sun.
I have mothered all the flowers in my garden,
Every one.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

* "Everybody's Business." By Charles Eisenman. The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the First Christian Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXI.

Dante

"In his will is our tranquility."—Canto III Paradise (Cary's translation).

That Dante was born in Florence 1265 and died at Ravenna in 1321 is practically all we know about him, and all we need to know. He came from an ordinary middle class family and left three children. Dante was a mountain peak rising out of a dead level on all sides. Heredity had no more to do with him than it had to do with Sokrates, Jesus, Shakespeare, or Lincoln, which is simply nothing at all. Environment had something to do with all these men, but only by the method of indirection. All it did for them was to hammer and pound them. Xantippe's sharp tongue drove Sokrates on to the street and kept him there. Romans and Pharisees cut deeply into Jesus' spirit and made him. Negro slavery shook Lincoln's spirit roughly and would not let him rest. Banishment and poverty drove the iron into Dante's soul. If Christian science succeeds in making a world in which there is no such thing as pain, it will be a world in which there is no such thing as men. Bitter adversity, sharp pain hammered these souls into shape and use, and God knows no other way to make real men and women. Perhaps the old theological postulate is as good a way as any to account for these men. When God needs a man for a place and a time he makes one by miraculous conception, if we will but understand the phrase not as foolishly physical but wonderfully and beautifully spiritual.

Being Dante, the boy, of course he absorbed all the education that was lying round in his time as a sponge sucks up water. He appears to have been one of those universal minds that knows everything, finding it out more quickly and easily than we ordinary mortals do. When nine years old Dante saw Beatrice, aged eight. He attributed to this innocent maiden all the poet's ideals and dreams of purest love and beauty. Whether she possessed these charms or not she furnished a visible object about which to weave them. He never took any chances on having his dreams and ideals rudely dispelled by attempting to marry or even know Beatrice. He gave no sign that he objected to her marriage with another, but her death and removal to the heavenly world exactly fitted into his poet fancy and vision and lifted his sweet ideal out of all possible reach of the tarnishing hands of experience and reality. Dante's marriage with Gemma was of course unhappy, as no woman can keep house with a poet.

All the Italian cities of Dante's time were made interesting by ceaseless squabbles between Guelphs

and Ghibellines. In general the Ghibellines were the aristocratic imperial faction and the Guelphs the papal and popular. Florence was strongly Guelph and Dante was for a time a valiant soldier for their cause. They were again divided into two factions known as the Blacks and Whites, and between the two half of Florence was destroyed. Dante lost his home and whatever slender fortune he had. To try to understand these political, social and religious parties is like trying to trace the origin and cause of a Kentucky feud today. It is for us the same task that the historian of 2500 A. D. will have when he tries to tell the difference between the Republicans, Democrats and Progressives of 1916, or between Masons and Oddfellows, or between Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Universalists and Unitarians and Independents.

In 1302 the Blacks won and Dante, being a White, was banished from Florence. Later he might have returned with safety but under conditions that seemed to him dishonorable, and Florence never saw her greatest man again. He spent the remaining nineteen years of his life wandering from city to city, poor, homesick, supported by the proud patronage of various nobles.

There is one picture of Dante commonly attributed to Giotto which Carlyle regards as the most touching of all he knows. He sees in it the softness and gentleness of a child congealed into sharp, hopeless, proud pain. This man has no welcome at a medieval court. Here on earth Dante had no continuing city and was driven to seek one to come.

From out of this experience came the Divine Comedy. It was called comedy perhaps because written in common popular language rather than in the classic tongues of Greek or Latin, Dante being the first Italian poet to do this. He made the Italian language as Shakespeare made the English. It was comedy, too, because it ended happily with rapt vision. Driven from all joy on earth Dante went to Hell and to Purgatory and to Paradise. He lived fifty-six years and his body lies at Ravenna, although Florence has spared no effort to gain possession of the sacred dust and build a stately monument in remembrance of him whom she helped to persecute and drive away.

Dante is not known by familiarity with the details of his outward physical life. Our knowledge,—the real soul, spirit, self of Dante, must come from the poet's own story of his country, his dreams and ideals for that beloved country. You must understand Dante's poems in order to know him and the Italy of his time. This is written nowhere else. A noble glimpse of him may be had in Carlyle's "Hero Worship," in the chapter on "The Hero as a Poet." You can understand all Shakespeare writes without knowing a thing about Shakespeare. He held a mirror up to the universe and hid himself behind the mirror, but Dante reveals himself when he writes, and is so great that when he reveals himself he reveals all men and all ages.

Dante's works are "The New Life," "On Monarchy," "The Banquet" and the "Divine Comedy."

"The New Life" describes Dante as transformed by heavenly love. While this love is always woven round the name of Beatrice it is not the love of any particular woman but of the universal woman. But the sweet and beautiful love of woman he depicts is to him the earthly symbol to signify the vivid sense of God. Beatrice is the personification of heavenly love. Her death means that he loses this sense of divine love for a time and tries human philosophy represented by Virgil. While this sometimes leads to a calm and ordered life it is not sufficient, and he regards his choice of it as sin,—as an effort to guide his life without any thought of God.

The Dark Ages in Europe are usually understood to last until 1100 though there were some gleams of light. Charlemagne established in 800 the "Holy Roman Empire," which, while not as strong as Rome had been, was the strongest the Germans had known. But that empire went to pieces in fifty years, and from 900 to 1000 Europe was again dark. From 1100 to 1300 we see the transition from medievalism to modern Europe well started. This was the age of the Crusades, the last one of which took place when Dante was seven years old. To this period, when a passion for knowledge began to stir and reason to awaken, belongs Dante. Italy had been south and north of the lines of the Crusades and did not feel the stir of them quite as much as did the rest of Europe. But there was one thing Italy had that the rest did not. She had been the seat of the Eternal City. Although divided into little sections and feuds one thought united them. Theirs was the Eternal City the glamor and glory of which had not yet been forgotten. Dante grew to see that one universal empire was needed. Rome was that empire. She had never really died, only slept, she must be restored. Italy was this eternal Rome. He saw the needs of the church and popes to guard spiritual interests and the state to shape secular interests. Dante has a vision of universal peace which to him could be realized only under one supreme monarch. This was Dante on monarchy. It was a great cry for 1310.

These earlier books all lead up to the masterpiece of Dante, the "Divine Comedy." Dante described Hell, Purgatory, Heaven as actual places with rewards and punishments as literal. Probably he believed so in accord with all medieval theology. But in picturing the rewards of heaven he never stooped to the merely sensual such as disfigures the pages of the Koran. It was the supremest bliss of reason, knowledge, vision of eternal beauty and love and power.

Modern men still read Dante long after they have given up all his literal figures. They find in his figures strangely profound allegories of the soul, of sin, of punishment, of reward, of repentance, of heavenly purity and glory.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What is known of Dante's childhood and early influences?

(2) Why was he banished from Florence?

(3) What are Dante's principal works?

(4) What is the plan of the Divine comedy?

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER.

July 28, 1916.

Dear Friends:

It is particularly fitting and proper that a Chinese, who has not previously had the opportunity to see American country life, should record his impression of Tower Hill and express his gratitude for the unparalleled hospitality and unprecedented consideration to which he has been a willing subject for the past six weeks. Indeed, words are hardly adequate to describe the cordial reception. The glowing impression the writer had of the people at Tower Hill cannot be easily eradicated. It is not out of place to pay tribute to that great apostle of peace, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose benignant presence and magnanimous toleration has gone a long way toward making a success of the present Summer Encampment.

Tower Hill impresses one as a beauty spot in God's universe. Its stately pines an majestic oaks remind one of the opening lines of Longfellow's "Evangeline." The peace and solitude of the place tantalize one who is a tenderfoot in a new environment. Every nook and corner is teeming with life. The shrieks of the locusts are succeeded by the hoots of the owls. Nature finds expression in the rising and setting sun and is resplendent with a luxuriant growth of verdure. Instead of the pandemonium wrought by a trolley car or elevated train in a large city, one is soothed by the mellow caroling of the thrushes. In the place of the city's smoke and dust, one feels the zephyrs blowing softly over the trees and sees the clouds retreating behind the distant hills.

For the lean and hungry looking people of the city, whose one desire in life is to amass a fabulous fortune, one meets contented tillers of the soil whose beaming countenances and genial smiles evidence a genuine welcome and a satisfied life. Looking from the top of the hill one perceives the Wisconsin River winding peacefully around the fringe of Tower Hill on its ceaseless course to meet the Mississippi. Occasionally one meets an automobile, the product of city life, but the time honored horse and cart have not entirely been dispensed with. Though science has smiled on the brows of the nearby farmers to the extent of facilitating their labor and lightening their burdens, yet one does not fear the repetition of the devastating scenes depicted in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." The nucleus of farming has stood the ravages of modern science.

This sort of life has a fascination for me who have never been on a farm before. The care-free life; the easy going people, who are quite different from the *laissez faire* class of the city; the democracy that prevails not only in one's speech and demeanor but also in the mode of one's apparel, which is distinct from the conventional garb of the city, and lastly the incomparable scenery and atmosphere, which are conducive toward making life worth living even in the hot summer months; all these contribute toward the modest claim that Tower Hill is an ideal summer resort.

The writer regrets that he did not know of its existence in years gone by, and in saying this he is only rendering things that are Cæsar's to Cæsar. He does not purpose to write a panegyric of any person or place, but merely put into words, inadequately it must be admitted, the vivid recollection he has of the place. In writing of the memorable scenes of Tower Hill, he merely shows that he is human, in spite of the fact that his professional training tends, it seems to him, to make him oblivious to the beauty of nature. The life of a lawyer is centered in the intricate problems of social life, and the tendency of modern lawyers is to concentrate themselves in large cities, so that whatever sense of appreciation of nature, they may have been endowed, is blunted and atrophied by the terrific struggle for existence. A few weeks in the country will serve to bring back the scenes of one's childhood and enable him to live over the days of his youth. An appreciation of nature is evidence that one is human, and we must agree with the Roman poet Horace in saying: *"Homo sum nihil humani alienum a me puto."*

HAROLD H. WONG.

THE FRATERNAL WAY.

The way of the world is to place temptation in the way of a man and to punish him if he fails.

The fraternal way is to lead no man into temptation; and, seeing one about to be tempted, to warn him of the danger.

When masons vote to punish a fellow for some act of his that they might have prevented by a word of friendly admonition, they demonstrate how unfraternal are some professed fraternalists. —*Joe Beatty Burtt.*

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MESSAGE OF FRATERNITY.

Rev. Charles W. Wendt, D. D., secretary of the International Congress of Free Christians and Other Religious Liberals, has received the following significant letter and resolution, which reflects the greatest honor on those who framed and adopted it, and is a cheering prophesy of international reconciliation and friendship after the war:

"At the annual business meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, held at Essex Hall, London, on Wednesday, the 14th of June, Mr. J. F. L. Brunner, M. P., the president of the association, moved, and the Rev. Dr. Carpenter, president-elect, seconded, the following resolution:

"That the association extends to those in all lands who are striving to unite pure religion and perfect liberty its sincere sympathy in these dark and troublous times, and trusts that before long a just and lasting peace may be established among the peoples of the world, and that fellowship and co-operation may be renewed among all those who retain their faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

The resolution was adopted by the meeting with the utmost cordiality and unanimity. I am sending it to you so that, as secretary of the International Congress you may transmit it to friends in all parts of the world.

With all good wishes.

W. Copeland Bowie,
Sec'y B and F. Unitarian Association,
London, England.

AN UNWORTHY AMBITION.

The Midas touch that turned all things to gold was not lost when King Midas bathed in the River Pactolus. The predicament of the Phrygian King when his touch turned to gold the very food he would eat was not greater than that of the very rich woman who recently died in New York. For the touch of Hetty Green stilled the warm pulsing of human hearts and dried the fountains of sympathy. In order to be the richest woman she lived a social hermit; and mankind looks upon her achievement with a feeling of abhorence.

But Hetty Green has served the world in spite of herself and the world she flouted. She made mere wealth-getting look meaner and more sordid than it has ever looked before. Had she distributed her millions lavishly for hospitals, asylums and the various charitable institutions, made necessary through the system through which she got her money, a thoughtless public would have acclaimed her a benefactor of mankind—though she had done nothing more than gild the chains she had helped to forge. Instead, she died as she lived, an insensible organism devoted to the mere accumulation of money; and, like Jay Gould, she left no public benefactions to appease the judgment of an outraged humanity. By her very indifference to social obligations she has rendered humanity the only service of which she was capable.

As it was the St. Clares who lulled public opinion into a toleration of chattel slavery, so it has been the charitable rich who have reconciled the victims of an unjust economic system to the deprivations of privilege. The natural kindliness in the human heart has been warmed by these displays of apparent generosity, and gratitude for charity has blinded them to a denial of justice. The man or woman who gave ten million dollars to the public was not questioned as to how he got that and the ninety million he retained. Money, in the minds of too many people, is tainted only when they do not receive it. When it is withheld they question its source. As a matter of fact, society has nothing to say regarding the disposal of Hetty Green's millions; it should have had much to say as to the manner of their accumulation; and if her sordid life will awaken the unthinking to the fact that such fortunes are the accumulations of privileges granted by the people, and revocable at will, she will have conferred the greatest benefaction of all.

From the Public. *S. C.*

SERIOUS HUMOR IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

The study of anatomy seems to cause confusion, as witness these examples from examination papers: "Circulation is a beet that goes over all the body." "Cause of narrow chests is most female folks tie in their waists." "You should not work either before or after eating." "We should not drink hot water and then cold, because it cracks the tartar on the teeth." "The teeth should be washed after every meal to remove any articles that may be in them."

From the Century.

NEW WARS FOR OLD

By

John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, [Unitarian], New York City, author of "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?," etc.

DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

"I have read 'New Wars for Old' with great interest. No one has put the case of moral force surpassing physical, and of love as the most irresistible thing, more strongly or persuasively than Mr. Holmes has here. It is the most stimulating reading I have found in a long time; every page challenges one; and its moral intensity is tremendous.

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